A Stirring Story of the Mexican Revolution

By DANE COOLIDGE Author of
"The Fighting Fool"
"Hidden Waters"
"The Textoon, " Etc. Illustrations by Don J. Lavin

and then his mind straightened itself

and he remembered that Phil was in

What more natural, then, than that

the rurales should search his pockets

stooped and picked up the chunk of

rock—that precious, pocket-worn spec-

imen that had brought them the first

promise of success-and wiped it on

other piece which Aragon had gouged

them he wondered what to do-to

leave their mine and go to his friend.

or to let his friend walt and stand

guard by their treasure and his heart

So he swung up on his horse and

followed slowly, and as soon as it was

dark he rode secretly through Old

"Hello there, pardner," called Hook-

"Two days," answered Phil from the

inner darkness; "but it seems like a

lifetime to me. Say, Bud, there's a

Mexican in here that's got the jim-

jams-regular tequila jag-can't you

"Well, I sure will!" answered Bud;

what have they got you in for?

"You can search me!" railed De

Where's our friend Don Juan! Why

Lancey "Seems like everybody quits

you down here the minute you get

into trouble. I got arrested night be-

fore last by those d-d rurales-

Manuel Del Rey was behind it, you

can bet your life on that and I've

"Well, what are you pinched for?

"Pinched for nothing" cried De

Lancey bitterly, "Pinched because

I'm a Mexican citizen and can't pro-

tect myself! I'm incomunicado for

"Well, I'll get you out, all right."

said Hooker, leaning closer against

the bars. "Here, have a smoke did

"No!" snapped De Lancey crossly,

but I'm out of everything by this

time. Bud, I tell you I've had a time

of it! They threw me in here with

this crazy, murdering Mexican and

days. He's quiet now, but I don't

"Well say " began Bud again "what

grease somebody's paw and get you

his voice became low and beseeching

But you know how it is-when a fel-

"Yes, I've been going to see her,"

hurried on Phil. "I know I promised;

but, honest, Bud, I couldn't help it.

It just seemed as if my whole being

was wrapped up in her, and I had to

do it. She'd be looking for me when

I came and went-and then I fixed it

with her maid to take her a letter.

And then I met her secretly, back

"Sure, I'll take your word for that,"

the point! What are you pinched

voice quavering at the reproof, "I was

Somebody saw us there and told Ara-

and she slipped me out a note-well, I

couldn't stand it-I hired the string

band and we went down there in a

cad, Manuel del Rey, who has been

acting like a jealous ass all along.

swooped down on us with a detach-

ment of his rurales and took us all

next morning, but I've been here ever

"Yes, and what are you charged

"Drunk," confessed Phil, and But

"Huh!" he said "and me out watch

"Oh, I know I've done you

Bud," wailed De Lancey; "but I didn't

"Never do what?" inquired Bud

"I won't touch another drop of

mean to, and I'll never do it again."

boose as long as d'm in Mexico!"

"And how about the girl?" contin

Phil. "Not a drop!"

with?" demanded Bud brusquely.

ing that mine night and day!"

since."

grunted.

very quiet while he waited.

out tonight!

they frisk you of your makings?"

told him to go to his friend.

through the bars.

get me out?"

they had you in here?"

didn't he let me know !"

been here ever since!"

Who do I go and see?"

Mechanically he placed it beside the

and give the ore to Aragon?

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SYNOPSIS

Bud Hooker and Phil De Lancey are juil read owing to a revolution in Mexico.

give up their mining claim and return
the United States in the border town
Gadaden Rud meets Henry Kruger, a
calling miner, who makes him a propoto United States. In the border town of Gadaden Bud meets Henry Kruser, a wealthy miner, who makes him a proposition to return to Mantoo to acquire this to a very rich mire which Kruser had blown up when he found he had been cheated out of the title by one Aragon. The Mexican subsequently spent a large sum in an unsuccessful attempt to relocate the vein and then allowed the land to rever for taxes. Hooker and De Lancey arrive at Fortuna hear where the mine, known as the Eagle Tail, is located. They engage the services of Cruz Mendez, who has been friendly to Kruser to acquire the title for them, and get a permit to do preliminary work. Aragon protests and accuses them of jumping his claim. But discovers that matrimonial entanglements prevent Mendes from perfecting a valid title. Phil, who has been paying attention to Aragon's daughter. Granta, decides to turn Mexican and get the title in his own name. Bud objects to Phil's attentions to Gracia. Aragon falls in his attempt to drive them off the claim. Rebels are reported in the vicinity Stories of rapine and bloodshed are brought in. Bud and Pull begin work in

CHAPTER XIV-Continued.

It was through some chicanery, he knew-some low-down trick on the part of Aragon-that his pardner had been imprisoned, and he swore to have him out or know the reason why Either that or he would go after Aragon and take it out of his hide.

It was outside Bud's simple code even to question his pardner's innocence, but, innocent or guilty, he would have him out if he had to tear down

So he slapped his saddle-gun into the sling reached for his quirt, and went dashing down the canyon. At a turn in the road he came suddenly upon Aragon and the rural, split a, way between them, and leaned forward as Copper Bottom burned up the graff.

It was long since the shiny sorrel had been given his head, and he needed neither whip nor spurs-but a mile or two down the arroyo Bud suddenly reined him in and looked behind. Then be turned abruptly up the hillside and jumped him out on a point, looked again, and rode slowly back up the

Aragon and the rural were not in sight—the question was, were they following? For a short distance he rode warily, not to be surprised in his suspicion; then, as he found tracks turning back, he cave head to his horse and galloped swiftly to camp.

The horses of the men he sought stood at the edge of the mine-dump, and, throwing his bridle-rein down beside them. Bud leaped off and ran up Then he stopped short and reached for his six shooter. The two want any more. men were up at the end, down on their knees, and diggins like dogs after a are you charged with? Maybe I can

So eager were they in their search so confident in their fancied security, that they never looked up from their work, and the tramp of Hooker's boots was drowned by their grubbing until he stood above them. There he pansed, his pistol in hand, and waited grimly for developments.

"Ha!" cried Aragon, grabbing at a piece of quartz that came up, "Aqui lo tengo!" He drew a second piece from his pocket and placed them together. "It is the same!" he said.

Still half-buried in the excavation. he turned suddenly as a shadow crossed him, to get the light, and his jaw dropped at the sight of Bud.

"I'll trouble you for that rock," observed Bud, holding out his hand, and as the rural jumped, Aragon handed over the ore. There was a moment's silence as Bud stood over them—then he stepped back and motioned them out with his gun.

Down the jagged cut they hurried. awed into a guilty silence by his an- mer-and we'd-" per, and when he let them mount without a word the rural looked back. curprised. Even then Bud said nothtng but the swing of the Texan's gun spoke for him, and they rode quickly out of sight.

"You dad-burned greasers!" growled going to tell you, if you'll listen to me. Bud, returning his pistol with a jab to its holster. Then he looked at the gon-he shut her up for a punishment ore. There were two pieces, one freshdug and the other worn, and as he gazed at them the worn piece seemed hack to give her a serenade. But this etrangely familiar. Aragon had been comparing them-but where had he got the worn piece?

Once more Bud looked it over and then the rock fell from his hand. It to tail. He let the musicians out the was the first piece they had foundthe piece that belonged to Phil!

CHAPTER XV.

When the solid earth quakes, though t move but a thousandth of an inch beneath our feet, the human brain ds and we become dizzy, sick and afraid. So, too, at the thought that some trusted friend has played us false, the mind turns back upon itself and we doubt the stability of every thing for a moment. Then, as w find all the trees straight up, the world intact, and the hills in their proper places, we cast the treacherous doubt ide and listen to the voice of reason.

"You know your promise!" reminded

Bud. "Yes; I know. But-oh, Bud, if you knew how loyal Tve been to you-if you knew what offers I've resistedthe mine stands in my name, you

"Well?"

"Well Aragon came around to me iset week and said if I'd give him a half interest in it he'd-well gover mind-it was a great temptation But did I fall for it? Not on your that I know you, Bud, and I know you've hoe est-you'd stay by me to the last ditch, and I'll do the same by you. But I'm in love, Bud, and that would make a man forget his promise if he wasn't true as steel."

"Yes," commented Hooker dryly, "! don't reckon I can count on you much from now on. Here, take a look at this and see what you make of it." He drew the piece of one that he had taken from Aragon from his pocket and held it up in the moonlight. "Well, feel of it, then," he said. "Shucks, you ought to know that piece of rock, Phil it's the first one we found in our

from the edge, and while he gazed at "No!" exclaimed De Lancey, start ing back; "why-where'd you get it?" Never mind where I got it!" anwered Hooker. "The question is What did you do with it?"

> "Well, I might as well come through with it," confessed Phil, the last of his assurance gone. "I gave it to Gracia!"

Fortuna and on till he came to the "And I took it away from Aragon," jail. It was a square stone structure, continued Bud. "while he was digging built across the street from the cansome more chunks out of our mine. So tina in order to be convenient for that is your idea of being true as steel, the drunks, and as Bud rode up close is it? You've done noble by me and and stared at it, some one hailed him Kruger, haven't you' Yes, you've been a good pardner, I don't think!

Well, don't throw me down, Bud!" er, ewinging down and striding over pleaded Phil. "There's some mistake to the black window, "how long have somewhere. Her father must have



I haven't had a wink of sleep for two found it and taken it away! I'd stake ground that De Lancer had been held would never betray mel'

"Well, think it over for a while, suggested Bud, edging his words with "you don't know how sorry I was to sarcasm. "I'm going up to the hotel!"

There was an awkward pause at clamoring at the bars. "Come on this, and finally De Lancey dropped back, Bud! Here!" he said, thrusthis white face against the bars and ing his hand out through the heavy placed against a wall and shot. trons. "I'll give you my word for it "I'll tell you, Bud," he said, "I -I won't see her again until we get haven't been quite on the square with our title! Will that satisfy you? Then they are having there-ranches raided. you-I've been holding out a little. give me your hand, pardner-I'm sorry I did you wrong!" "It ain't me," replied Hooker soher-

low's in love. I've been going to see ly, as he took the trembling hand; "It's pare rooms for the refugees, and the "Oh!" commented Hocker, and stood Kruger. But if you'll keep your word, people are coming in crowds. Phil, maybe we can win out yet. I'm going up to find the comisarie."

A brief interview with that smiling individual and the case of Phil De Lancey was laid bare. He had been engaged in a desperate rivalry with Manuel del Rey for the hand of Gracia Aragon, and his present incarcerstion was not only for singing rag-time beneath the Aragon windows, but for by the garden gate. You know they've trying to whip the captain of the rugot some holes punched in the wallrales when the latter tried to place loopholed during the fight last sum- him under arrest.

And De Lancey was the prisoner not broke in Hooker harshly. "But get to the rurales. Sore at heart, Bud rode up through the Mexican quarters to the cuartel of the rurales, but the cap-"Well," went on De Lancey, his tain was inexorable.

"No, senor," he said, waving an eloquent finger before his nose, "I cannot release your friend. No. sepor!" "But what is he charged with?" per-

sisted Bud, "and when is his trial? You can't keep him shut up without a At this the captain of the rurales

lifted his eyebrows and one closely waxed mustachio and smiled mysteri-

"Y come no!" he inquired. "And why not? Is he not a Mexican citi-

"Well, perhaps he is!" thundered Bud, suddenly rising to his full height. "but I am not! I am an American senor capitan, and there are other Americans! If you hold my friend without a trial I will come and tear your jail down-and the comisario will

not stop me, either!" observed the dandy little captain, shrugging his mustachio once more and blinking, and while Hooker raged back and forth he looked him

ing a quieting hand. "These are perfious times, senor, in which all the de-

nardo Bravo and his men are marching to take our town. No, I value the friendship of the valiant Americans very highly so I will let your friend go. But first he must promise me one thing-not to trouble the Senor Aragon by making further love to his

daughter!" "Very well!" replied Bud. "He has already promised that to me; so come on and let him out."

"To you?" repeated Manuel del Rey with a faint smile. "Then, perhaps-"Perhaps nothing!" broke in Hooker shortly. "Come on!"

He led the way impatiently while the captain, his saber clanking, strode out and rode beside him. He was not a big man, this eveshing captain of the rural police, but he was master. nevertheless, of a great district, from Fortuna to the line, with a reputation or quick work in the pursuance of his duty as well as in the primrose ways

in the insurrections and raidings of he previous summer he had given the coup de grace with his revolver to more than one embryo bandit, and in his love affairs he had shown that he could be equally summary. The elegant Felix Luna, who for a

ime had lingered near the charming Gracia, had finally found himself up against a pair of pistols with the option of either fighting Captain del Rey or returning to his parents. The young man concluded to beat a retreat. For a like offense Philip De Lancey had

been unceremoniously thrown into jail; and now the capitan turned his attention to Bud Hooker, whose mind he had not yet fathomed. "Excuse me, senor," he said, after a brief silence, "but your words left me

in doubt-whether to regard you as a friend or a rival." "What?" demanded Bud, whose knowledge of Spanish did not extend

to the elegancies. "You said," explained the captain politely, "that your friend had promised you he would not trouble the lady further. Does that mean that you are interested in her yourself, or merely that you perceive the hopelessness of his suit and wish to protect him from a greater evil that may well befall him? For look you, senor, the girl is mine, and no man can come between

"Hub!" snorted Bud, who caught the last all right. Then he laughed shortly and shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know what you're talking about." he said gruffly, "but he will stay sway,

"Muy bien," responded Del Rey careessly and, dismounting at the jail, he threw open the door and stood aside for his rival to come out.

"Muchas gracias, senor capitan," saluted Bud, as the door clanged to be hind his pardner. But Phil still bristled with anger and defiance, and the captain perceived that there would be no thanks from him.

"It is nothing," be replied, bowing politely and something in the way he said it made De Lancey choke with rage. But there by the carcel door was not the place for picking quarrels. They went to the hotel, where Don Juan, all apologies for his apparent neglect-which he excused on the incomunicado-placated them as best

"My gracious, Don Felipe," he cried, see you in jail, but the captain's or-No; come back!" cried De Lancey, ders were that no one should go near you- and in Mexico we obey the reraies, you know. Otherwise we are

"But have you heard the news from down below? Ah, what terrible times women stolen, rich men held for ransom! Yes, it is worse than ever! Already I am receiving .elegrams to pre-

"Our friend, the Senor Luna, and his son Felix have been taken by Hernardo Bravo! Only by an enormous ransom was he able to save his wife and daughters, and his friends must now pay for him.

"At the ranch of the rich Spaniard Alvarez, there has been a great battle in which the red-flaggers were defeated with losses. Now Bernardo Bravo awears he will avenge his men, and Alvares has armed his Yaqui work-

"He is a brave man, this Colonel of the comisario, but of the captain of Alvarez, and his Yaquis are all warriors from the hills; but Bernardo has gathered all the insurrectos in the country together-Campos, Rojas, the brothers Escabora and they may crush him with their numbers. now there is other news that they ere marching upon Fortuna and El Tigre, to seize the mines and mills and hold the rich American companies up for ransom

"No, senores, you must not return to your camp. Remain here, and you shall still have your room, though Spanish gentlemen sleep on the floors, No. allow me, Don Felipe! I wish to show you how highly I value your friendship! Only because we cannot disobey the rurales did I suffer you to lie in jail; but now you shall be my guest, you shall-"

He glanced at De Lancey, in whose gather, and he, too, declined with a

"Make it a bed for the night," he said. "I've got to get out of this town before I tangle with Del Rey again and find myself back in jail. And now lead me to it-I'm perishing for a bath and

They retired early and got up early for Bud was baunted by fears. But and followed by a rural guard, and an

smote him to the heart with a smile. It was not a smile for Phil, gone astray and wounding by chance; It was a dazzling, admiring smile for Bud alone, and he sat straighter in his eaddle. But Phil uttered a group and struck his horse with the quirt.

"She cut me!" he moaned. "Aw, forget it!" growled Bud, and they rode on their way in silence.

CHAPTER XVL

At their camp by the Eagle Tail mine, even though they held it still and were heirs to half its gold, the two pardners were giam and sorrowful. The treacheries which Bud had forgiven in a moment of exaltation came back to him now as he brooded: and he eyed his friend askance, as if wondering what he would do next.

He recalled all the circumstances of their quest-the meeting with Kruger, Phil's insistence on the adventure, the oath of lovalty which they had eworn; and then the gradual breaking down of their brotherly devotion until now they were strangers at heart.

Phil sat by himself, keeping his thoughts to himself, and he stood aloof while he waited for the worst to hap-

From the first day of their under taking Hooker had felt that it was unlucky, and now he knew that the end was coming. His friend was lost to him, lost alike to a sense of loyalty and honor, he gloomed by himself and thought only of Gracia Aragon.

The oath which Phil himself had forced upon Bud was broken and forgotten; but Bud, by a sterner standard, felt bound to keep his part. One thing alone could make him break it-his word to Henry Kruger. The Engle Tail mine he held in trust and half of it was Kruger's.

"Phil," he said at last, when his mind was weary of the ceasaless grind of thoughts, "I believe that mineral agent is holding back our papers. I believe old Aragon has passed him a hundred or so and they're in cahoots to rob us. But I'll tell you what I'll do-you give me a power of attorney to receive those papers for you, and I'll go in and talk Dutch to the whole outfit."

What do you want to do that for ?" demanded De Lancey querulously. Why can't you wait a while! Those papers have to go to Moctegums and Hermosillo and all over the City of Mexico and back, and it takes time. What do you want to make trouble

"Well, I'll tell you, Phil," answered Hud honestly. "I've got a hunch if we don't grab them papers soon we won't get 'em at all. Here these rebeis are working closer all the time, and Aragon is crowding us. I want to get title and turn it over to Kruger, before we lose out somewhere."

"What's the matter with me going in and talking to the agent" suggested Phil. Then, as he saw his pardner's face, he paused and laughed bitterfy.

"You don't trust me any more, do you, Bud" he said.

Well, it ain't that so much," evaded Hooker, "but I sure don't trust that Manuel del Rey The first time you go into town he's going to pinch you,

"I'm going to go in all the same," declared De Lancey, and if the little squirt tries to stop me-"

Aw, Phil," entreated Bud, "be reaonable, can't ye! You got no call to go up against that little feller. He's a had actor. I can see that, and I believe he'd kill you if he got the chance. But wait a little while maybe he'll get took off in the fights this summer!

No, he's too cursed mean for that!" muttered De Lancey, but he seemed to take some comfort in the thought.

As for Bud, he loafed around for a while, cleaning up camp, making smoke for the absent Yaqqui, and looking over the deserted mine, but same thing in the changed atmosphere made him restless and uneasy.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SHOULD COPY NATURE'S WAY

Human Planners of Reform Would De Well to Make Note of Her Methods.

The divergence between man : ways and nature's ways becomes emphasized as we reflect on the mass of reforms and isms which are eagerty urged for the education and the moral and physical welfare of our youth, remarks the Brooklyn Eagle. group wants trade training, one group "sex hygiene" taught in the schools, and another wants nonsectarian religious treining there. Still another tells us that marriage is becoming more and more difficult, while vice and diseases which spring from it are increasing at a rate which threatens race extinction, or perhaps the decay of the now dominant races and replace ing them by stock nearer to the soil and less easily molded by our present social ideals.

The discouraging thing about all this is that very few of these enthusiasts realize that they all have hold of corners of the same problem, and there is no sign of co-operation, coordination or coherence among them. That is the reverse of nature's way She is synthetic, while the most that altruistic human planners seem able to do is to separate processes which nature has grouped, analyse them and when any growth proves sickly or too lush, to treat its particular symptoms without tracing the root of the disease

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